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help quoting his words : “But because,” said he, “I speak so much of fishing, if any take me for such a devout fisher, as I dream of naught else, they mistake me. I know a ring of gold from a grain of barley, as well as a goldsmith ; and nothing is there to be had which fishing doth hinder, but further us to obtain.”

ART. III. — *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.* By JOHN L. STEVENS, Author of “Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan,” &c. Illustrated by 120 Engravings. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.

It is the fashion of some critics to lecture very severely those travellers who write books for the public, and do not deem it necessary to cram their pages with solemn philosophical disquisitions. The writer is censured for the “want of deductive reflection, or that principle which enables the profound mind to trace events from their causes, and so to present a clear method of philosophy.” We have quoted this passage, *verbatim*, from one of the newspaper notices of the entertaining volumes, with which Mr. Stephens has lately favored his countrymen, and all other lovers of pleasant reading. The same kind of criticism, with occasional changes of phraseology, was uttered and echoed, it may be remembered, from a countless number of daily and weekly journals, in reference to the light, lively, skip-and-jump “American Notes” of Charles Dickens. “A clear method of philosophy” ! What under the sun has Dickens or Stephens to do with philosophy, or profundity, or “deductive reflection,” or any other part or parcel of the learned lumber with which erudite persons, in velvet caps and morning gowns, bemuddle their own brains and set those of their readers to aching ? People do not go wandering over the world in search of philosophy, unless it be of that practical kind which comes into play amid weariness, discomfort, and danger, in the rude hut of a wild Indian, or the tent of a lawless Arab, where a cup of sour milk is a luxury, and a bundle of straw to lie upon is a thing for which to give thanks. Such pon-

derous, respectable, and very tiresome philosophy as these persons prate about, belongs to your sleek stayers at home ; and all the world knows that there are plenty of such to furnish it. The traveller goes to look for something else, and if he bring not home something else, the “reading public” soon lets him know that he has gone upon a fool’s errand. The adventurous spirit, the quick eye, the facile adaptation of mind and body to changing situations and circumstances, the ready tact, the capacity for good-humored, but shrewd and searching, observation, and the knack of describing what has been seen, or done, or suffered, — these are the stock in trade of the voyager to foreign parts, who would make himself acceptable through the pages of a book ; and, if he possess these qualities, he may unceremoniously consign philosophy to the learned halls of colleges and the “dens” of newspaper editors.

The mistake of these fault-finders lies in not making a proper division of labor. They would have the merchant and the manufacturer united in one person ; forgetting that the interests of commerce are best promoted, when the merchant gives his whole mind and care to his ships and their due construction and navigation, leaving the raw material which they bring to be wrought up by the man of spindles and power-looms. The traveller goes forth, we apprehend, mainly to collect materials, descriptive, narrative, and historical, out of which the philosopher may construct theories, if he thinks proper, bringing to bear upon them all the “clear method” and “deductive reflection” of which he may happen to be master. It is unreasonable to expect that the former shall have time to elaborate philosophical systems, while his eyes and hands and head are kept in full employment by the necessity of providing for the exigencies of the day, and in observing and recording the objects or incidents of which it is his business to make report. Indeed, he ought not to have any theory to maintain, either political or scientific ; because what the public requires of him is an impartial and unprejudiced account of what he sees, and nothing is more destructive to impartiality than the existence of a doctrine, to be established or defended. In short, we maintain that the business of a traveller is to see and describe ; and that, as a general rule, the less he meddles with speculation, the better it is for himself and his readers.

In our notice of Mr. Stephens and his work, we must not forget that the volumes were published nearly three months ago ; that the sale is reckoned by thousands ; and that our discourse is not likely to fall into the hands of many, at least in this country, who have not read the book for themselves, and become fully acquainted with its racy narrative, its clear descriptions, and the striking representations of dilapidated architectural magnificence, with which the skill of Catherwood and the munificence of the publishers have literally crowded its pages. We shall not enter upon the vexed question of the antiquity of these structures ; because Mr. Stephens has settled that as effectually as demonstration can settle any thing ; proving that the ruins now existing in Yucatan and Mexico were entire and perfect edifices in the sixteenth century, occupied as temples for worship by the people whom the Spaniards fought, conquered, and enslaved. Nor shall we undertake to say any thing in description of those ruins ; because pages of description would not give an idea so distinct or accurate as a single glance at one of Mr. Catherwood's drawings, and because the general character of these edifices was made familiar to most readers by the publication of our author's work on Central America, in which the remains at Palenque and Uxmal were described and pictured. These may be taken as specimens that give a tolerably correct idea of all the ruins, the structure and style of decoration being substantially the same in all, although there are innumerable varieties in detail. What we propose is, merely to give a sketch of our author's progress and adventures, — showing the sort of life and occupation, the discomforts, dangers, and privations through which his enthusiasm supported him for eight months, — and exhibiting at once the nature and peculiarities of the country, the manners and character of the people, and, incidentally, his own qualifications for the work in which, for seven or eight years, he has been engaged so evidently *con amore*, and so much to the satisfaction of his countrymen.

Considering its central position and its proximity to the United States and the British West Indies, the peninsula of Yucatan has somehow escaped the attention of gazetteer-compilers, travellers, and newspaper editors. It has had its place upon the maps, to be sure, and in the books of geography it has been duly noticed as a province of Mexico ; but

of its interior, its population, and even its towns and cities, very little authentic information was attainable. Of its principal sea-ports, Campeachy and Sisal, the names, indeed, have occurred every now and then in the lists of marine arrivals and departures ; but until the recent separation from Mexico, and the consequent war, little knowledge even of these was current except among captains and supercargoes ; and even now, we suppose that, as in the analogous case of Central America, ninety-nine in the hundred of our author's readers are indebted to his volumes for the greater part, if not the whole, of their information respecting the country which he has described. A striking exemplification of this general ignorance was afforded some months ago, on the appearance of a meagre and superficial work, purporting to give an account of travels in the same peninsula, with descriptions and a few poor lithograph views of some of the ruins, — the latter being copied mainly from the inaccurate plates in the costly and scarce book of Waldeck. This work, evidently got up on speculation, by a person who happened to be in Yucatan while Mr. Stephens was prosecuting his researches there, and who visited three or four places of ruins, which, but for those researches, he never would have heard of, was much praised for a season in the newspapers, from Maine to Louisiana. It is a curious fact, that in these notices and paragraphs, almost without exception, Yucatan and Central America were spoken of as portions of one country ; showing clearly enough that the writers had no particular idea of either beyond the fact that wonderful remains of ancient architecture were existing there, which somebody had visited and examined.

Mr. Stephens, as most of our readers will remember, on his return from Central America, passed through that part of Mexico called Chiapas, to visit the ruins of Palenque, travelled thence in a *bungo*, or large two-masted scow, down the rivers Usumasinta and Palisada to the Lake of Terminos, thence by ship to Sisal, and thence, by *calèche*, a few miles to Merida. Here he met a gentleman with whom he had formed some acquaintance at New York, and whom he now discovered to be a proprietor of immense estates, on one of which were ruins. These were the ruins of Uxmal. They had been visited by Waldeck, and his work, presenting views

of them on a large scale, but very inaccurate, had been published at Paris before Mr. Stephens embarked for Central America. This work, however, from its heavy cost, had not come into general circulation, and in fact only three or four copies had found their way across the Atlantic. The very existence of the ruins, therefore, was unknown, except to a few antiquaries and scholars. Unfortunately, the sudden and severe illness of Mr. Catherwood prevented him and Mr. Stephens from staying more than a day, in which, however, they contrived to do a great deal of work, — obtaining drawings and tolerable descriptions of the principal edifices. We should rather say, that they were *fortunately* interrupted, inasmuch as the sudden and enforced suspension of their labors here was the cause of their returning to Yucatan, and giving to the world the magnificent volumes now before us.

Mr. Stephens's first visit to Merida was hurried ; in fact, it was only a rapid passage through the place, and afforded him no opportunity for the exercise of his remarkably keen and quick observation. His second visit occupied more time, and furnished him with several striking scenes and materials for graphic description. Take, for instance, the following picture of a sequel or pendant to a great religious festival :

“ Turning along the left side of the *plaza*, we entered an illuminated street, at the foot of which, and across it, hung a gigantic cross, also brilliantly illuminated, and apparently stopping the way. Coming, as we did, directly from the church, it seemed to have some immediate connexion with the ceremonies we had just beheld ; but the crowd stopped short of the cross, opposite a large house, also brilliantly illuminated. The door of this house, like that of the church, was open to all who chose to enter, or rather, at that moment, to all who could force their way through. Waiting the motion of the mass before us, and pressed by those behind, slowly, and with great labor, we worked our way into the *sala*. This was a large room extending along the whole front of the house, hot to suffocation, and crowded, or rather jammed, with men and women, or gentlemen and ladies, or by whatever other names they may be pleased to be called, clamorous and noisy as Bedlam let loose. For some time it was impossible for us to form any idea of what was going on. By degrees we were carried lengthwise through the *sala*, at every step getting elbowed, stamped upon, and occasionally the rim of a straw hat

across the nose, or the puff of a paper cigar in the eyes. Very soon our faces were trickling with tears, which there was no friendly hand to wipe away, our own being pinned down to our sides.

“On each side of the *sala* was a rude table, occupying its whole length, made of two rough boards, and supporting candles stuck in little tin receivers, about two feet apart. Along the tables were benches of the same rough materials, with men and women, whites, Mestizoes, and Indians, all sitting together, as close as the solidity and resistance of human flesh would permit, and seemingly closer than was sufferable. Every person at the table had before him or her a paper about a foot square, covered with figures in rows, and a small pile of grains of corn, and by its side a thumping stick some eighteen inches long, and one in diameter; while, amid all the noise, hubbub, and confusion, the eyes of all at the tables were bent constantly upon the papers before them. In that hot place, they seemed like a host of necromancers and witches, some of the latter young and extremely pretty, practising the black art.

“Along the corridor, and in the whole area of the *patio*, or court-yard, were tables, and benches, and papers, and grains of corn, and ponderous sticks, the same as in the *sala*, and men and women sitting as close together. The passages were choked up, and over the heads of those sitting at the tables, all within reach were bending their eyes earnestly upon the mysterious papers. They were grayheads, boys and girls, and little children; fathers and mothers; husbands and wives; masters and servants; men high in office, muleteers, and bull-fighters; señoras and señoritas, with jewels around their necks and roses in their hair, and Indian women, worth only the slight covering they had on; beauty and deformity; the best and the vilest in Merida; perhaps, in all, two thousand persons; and this great multitude, many of whom we had seen but a few minutes before on their knees in the church, and among them the fair bevy of girls who had stood by us on the steps, were now assembled in a public gambling-house! a beautiful spectacle for a stranger, the first night of his arrival in the capital!” — Vol. I. pp. 17–20.

The incantations upon which all these worthy people were employed is called *la lotería*, or the lottery; it is authorized by the government, which derives a revenue from the stamps affixed to the papers spoken of, those being in fact lottery tickets, having on them rows or tables of figures, on the permutation principle. The gambling was not very formidable

in amount, the stake, or price of tickets, being limited to a *medio*, or six and a quarter cents of our money. Although called a lottery, the game seems to be rather what the French call *loto*.

Notwithstanding their passion for *la lotería*, bull-fights, and some other questionable amusements, the Meridanos seem to be very worthy people ; else they would never suffer a stranger to escape so easily as they did Mr. Stephens in the matter of house-rent : —

“ Our house was in the street of the Flamingo. Like most of the houses in Merida, it was built of stone, and had one story ; the front was about thirty feet, and had a *sala* covering the whole, about twenty feet in depth. The ceiling was perhaps eighteen feet high, and the walls had wooden knobs for fastening hammocks. Behind the *sala* was a broad corridor, opening on a court-yard, at one side of which was a sleeping-room, and at the back of that a *comedero*, or eating-room. The floors were all of hard cement. The court-yard was about thirty feet square, with high stone walls, and a well in the centre. Next, running across the lot, was a kitchen, with a sleeping-room for servants, and, back of that, another court-yard, forty feet deep, with stone walls fifteen feet high ; and in order that my inquiring fellow-citizens may form some idea of the comparative value of real estate in Merida and New York, I mention, that the rent was four dollars per month, which, for three persons, we did not consider extravagant. We had our own travelling beds, the table, washhand-basin, and chairs set up, and before breakfast our house was furnished.” — Vol. I. pp. 25, 26.

We have never seen any complete and satisfactory discussion of the problem respecting the effect produced on national character by various methods of cookery, or any attempt to trace out the connexion between predominant modes of action and thought and predominant modes of eating. Yet there seems to be, among almost every people, a national dish ; and it would not be difficult, we suspect, to show that the national dish has a great deal to do with the national temperament. Is there not a distinct analogy between the beef of the Englishman and his solid, vigorous, and durable qualities of mind and body, — between the vivacious, active, and volatile Frenchman, (though he is not addicted to *croaking*,) and the savory amphibious dainty in which he delights ? The Tartar feeds upon horse-steak,

uncooked save by compression between his saddle and the back of his steed in the course of a twenty-mile gallop ; and is there not a share of the wild horse in the national character of the Tartar ? The Esquimaux feed principally on seal-blubber ; and what a sealish animal is the Esquimaux, with his dumpy figure, his round head, his flipper-like legs and arms, his indolence, and his stupidity ! The Spaniard luxuriates upon his *olla podrida*, an anomalous compound, rank in flavor and fearfully indigestible ; his ancestors must have fared more generously when they were successful warriors. Would the Poles have lost their nationality, if they had possessed a national dish ? Could the Swiss have maintained theirs without one, even though no better than goat-milk cheese ?

The Indians of Yucatan, it seems, have a compound which they call *mukbipoyo*, a detestable pot-pie, consisting of pork and fowls, made hot with Chili pepper, and inclosed in a paste of pounded Indian corn, the pie being baked in the earth. During certain religious festivals, Mr. Stephens tells us, they eat nothing but this ; and they place liberal portions of it out of doors in some retired places, for the consumption of their deceased friends and relatives. The composition of this pie was derived, doubtless, from their ancestors ; no wonder, then, that their thousands fell in vain conflict with the handful of the *Conquistadores*. There must be ruin to any people in such an atrocious preparation for the stomach. Mr. Stephens and his companions had a droll misadventure with one of these pies.

“ We have reason to remember this *fête*, from one untoward circumstance. A friendly neighbour, who, besides visiting us frequently with his wife and daughter, was in the habit of sending us fruit and *dulces* more than we could eat, this day, on the top of a large, undisposed-of present, sent us a huge piece of *mukbipoyo*. It was as hard as an oak plank, and as thick as six of them ; and having already overtaken ourselves to reduce the pile on the table, when this came, in a fit of desperation we took it out into the court-yard and buried it. There it would have remained till this day but for a malicious dog which accompanied them on their next visit ; he passed into the court-yard, rooted it up, and, while we were pointing to the empty platters as our acknowledgment of their kindness, this villanous dog sneaked through the *sala* and out at the front door with the pie in his mouth, apparently grown bigger since it was buried.” — Vol. 1. pp. 45, 46.

We will not undertake to say that the eating of *mukbipoyo* is bad for the eyes, but it seems that *strabismus* — *Anglicè* squinting — is a prevalent misfortune in Merida. Mr. Stephens was accompanied by Dr. Cabot, of Boston, as well as by Mr. Catherwood, and the Doctor had possessed himself of the delicate and ingenious French process of remedying this visual evil. His philanthropy prompted him to offer his services for the relief of the *biscos*, and there was no lack of patients. The first on whom he operated was a "little gentleman" of about fourteen, who acted like a hero, and was rewarded for his courage with an eye that looked straight-forward instead of cornerwise.

"The news of this wonder spread rapidly, and before night Dr. Cabot had numerous and pressing applications, among which was one from a gentleman whom we were all desirous to oblige, and who had this defect in both eyes.

"On his account we determined to postpone our departure another day; and, in furtherance of his original purpose, Dr. Cabot mentioned that he would perform the operation upon all who chose to offer. We certainly took no trouble to spread this notice, but the next morning, when we returned from breakfast, there was a gathering of squint-eyed boys around the door, who, with their friends and backers, made a formidable appearance, and almost obstructed our entrance. As soon as the door opened there was a rush inside; and, as some of these slanting eyes might not be able to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, we were obliged to help their proprietors out into the street again.

"The first who presented himself was a stout lad about nineteen or twenty, whom we had never seen or heard of before. Who he was or where he came from we did not know, but he was a *bisco* of the worst kind, and seemed able-bodied enough to undergo any thing in the way of surgery. As soon as the Doctor began to cut the muscle, however, our strapping patient gave signs of restlessness; and all at once, with an actual bellow, he jerked his head on one side, carried away the Doctor's hook, and shut his eye upon it with a sort of lockjaw grip, as if determined it should never be drawn out. How my hook got out I have no idea; fortunately, the Doctor let his go, or the lad's eye would have been scratched out. As it was, there he sat with the bandage slipped above one eye, and the other closed upon the hook the handle of which stood out straight. Probably at that moment he would have been willing to sacrifice pride of personal

appearance, keep his squint, and go through life with his eye shut, the hook in it, and the handle sticking out ; but the instrument was too valuable to be lost. And it was interesting and instructive to notice the difference between the equanimity of one who had a hook in his eye, and that of lookers-on who had not. All the spectators upbraided him with his cowardice and want of heart, and after a round of reproof to which he could make no answer, he opened his eye and let out the hook. But he had made a bad business of it. A few seconds longer, and the operation would have been completed. As it was, the whole work had to be repeated. As the muscle was again lifted under the knife, I thought I saw a glare in the eyeball that gave token of another fling of the head, but the lad was fairly browbeaten into quiet ; and, to the great satisfaction of all, with a double share of blackness and blood, and with very little sympathy from any one, but with his eye straight, he descended from the table. Outside he was received by a loud shout by the boys, and we never heard of him again.”— Vol. i. pp. 110 – 113.

The Maceguals, or children of Maya—the Indians of Yucatan—are a curious people, and it is a great pity that we know so little of them ; that little being, in fact, nothing but what Mr. Stephens has told us. If he had been able to speak their language, perhaps he would have found among them traditions throwing some light upon the history of their race, both before and after the Conquest ; but centuries of subjection have not sufficed to make them acquire the speech of their enslavers, and these latter are so indolent and incurious, that they seem to have made not a single effort for the discovery of whatever knowledge or memory may yet exist among the Indians, of the arts, sciences, literature, or history of their ancestors. We have a strong suspicion that something lies hidden, if we could but get at it, under the docility, taciturnity, spiritless patience, and stolidity, that seem to characterize the descendants of those ingenious and warlike races who built the stupendous temples now in ruins, and who struggled so long and bravely against the military skill and discipline of the invading Spaniards. It seems impossible, that even two centuries of oppression could bring such a race of men to the abject condition indicated by incidents like these :—

“Early in the morning, we were aroused by loud bursts of music in the church. The cura was giving them the benefit of his accidental visit by an early mass. After this, we heard music of

a different kind. It was the lash on the back of an Indian. Looking out into the corridor, we saw a poor fellow on his knees on the pavement, with his arms clasped around the legs of another Indian, so as to present his back fair to the lash. At every blow he rose on one knee, and sent forth a piercing cry. He seemed struggling to restrain it, but it burst from him in spite of all his efforts. His whole bearing showed the subdued character of the present Indians, and with the last stripe the expression of his face seemed that of thankfulness for not getting more. Without uttering a word, he crept to the major domo, took his hand, kissed it, and walked away. No sense of degradation crossed his mind. Indeed, so humbled is this once fierce people, that they have a proverb of their own, 'Los Indios no oigan si no por las nalgas, — The Indians cannot hear except through their backs,' and the cura related to us a fact which indicates an abasement of character perhaps never found in any other people. In a village not far distant, the name of which I have lost, they have a *fiesta* with a scenic representation called *Shtol*. The scene is laid at the time of the Conquest. The Indians of the village gather within a large place enclosed by poles, and are supposed to be brought together by an invasion of the Spaniards. An old man rises and exhorts them to defend their country; if need be, to die for it. The Indians are roused, but in the midst of his exhortations a stranger enters, in the dress of a Spaniard and armed with a musket. The sight of this stranger throws them all into consternation; he fires the musket, and they fall to the ground. He binds the chief, carries him off captive, and the play is ended." — Vol. i. pp. 145 – 147.

One custom of their ancestors they adhere to with unwavering pertinacity. Speaking of the annual fair at Yalacho, Mr. Stephens says :

"Night came on, and the *plaza* was alive with people and brilliant with lights. On one side, opposite the church, along the corridors of the houses and in the front of them, were rows of tables, with cards and dice, which were very soon crowded with players, whites and Mestizoes; but the great scene of attraction was the gathering of Indians in the centre of the *plaza*. It was the hour of supper, and the small merchants had abundant custom for their eatables. Turkeys which had stood tied by one leg all day, inviting people to come and eat them, were now ready, of which, for a *medio*, two men had a liberal allowance; and I remarked, what I had heard of, but had not seen before, that grains of cacao circulated among the Indians as money. Every merchant or vender of eatables, the most of whom were

women, had on the table a pile of these grains, which they were constantly counting and exchanging with the Indians. There is no copper money in Yucatan, nor any coin whatever under a medio, or six and a quarter cents, and this deficiency is supplied by these grains of cacao. . . . But these grains had an interest independent of all questions of political economy, for they indicate or illustrate a page in the history of this unknown and mysterious people. When the Spaniards first made their way into the interior of Yucatan, they found no circulating medium, either of gold, or silver, or any other species of metal, but only grains of cacao; and it seemed a strange circumstance, that while the manners and customs of the Indians have undergone an immense change, while their cities have been destroyed, their religion dishonored, their princes swept away, and their whole government modified by foreign laws, no experiment has yet been made upon their currency."— Vol. I. pp. 195–197.

We are by no means sure that the small change of the Maceguals is not an improvement on our coppers and half dimes, both in principle and practice. Its value is positive, not conventional, for it can be eaten as well as exchanged for eatables; it can neither be counterfeited nor debased; the delinquency of cashiers and presidents of banks, and the fraudulent ingenuity of clippers and sweaters are alike incapable of depreciating it; legislatures cannot charter or uncharter its issue; it forms a currency incapable of expansion or contraction; and in short it possesses all the requisites of a sound, uniform, hard-money circulation.

The representative system is the crowning glory of modern politics; but it has its inconveniences, among which not the least prominent is the creation of party spirit, with the excesses, abuses, frauds, and violence that naturally follow in the train of political exasperation. It is refreshing to read of a community in which representation exists unaccompanied by any of these evils. Such was the case at Nohcacab, where the democratic principle seems to have been developed with remarkable quietude, at least, if not in remarkable purity.

"The custody and preservation of these wells are an important part of the administration of the village government. Thirty Indians are elected every year, who are called *alcaldes* of the wells, and whose business it is to keep them in good order, and the tanks constantly supplied with water. They receive no pay, but are exempted from certain obligations and services, which

makes the office desirable ; and no small object of the political struggle, through which the village had passed, was to change the alcaldes of the wells. Buried among the ruins of Uxmal, the news of this important election had not reached us.

“ Though practically enduring, in some respects, the appendages of an aristocratic government, the Indians who carried us on their shoulders, and our loads on their backs, have as good votes as their masters ; and it was painful to have lost the opportunity of seeing the democratic principle in operation among the only true and real *native American* party ; the spectacle being, as we were told, in the case of the *hacienda* Indians, one of exceeding impressiveness, not to say sublimity. These, being *criados*, or servants, in debt to their masters, and their bodies mortgaged, go up to the village unanimous in opinion and purpose, without partiality or prejudice, either in favor of or against particular men or measures ; they have no bank questions, nor questions of internal improvement, to consider ; no angry discussions about the talents, private characters, or public services of candidates ; and, above all, they are free from the degrading imputation of man worship, for in general they have not the least idea for whom they are voting. All they have to do is to put into a box a little piece of paper given to them by the master or major domo, for which they are to have a holyday. The only danger is, that, in the confusion of greeting acquaintances, they may get their papers changed ; and when this happens, they are almost invariably found, soon after, committing some offence against *hacienda* discipline, for which these independent electors are pretty sure to get flogged by the major domo.

“ In the villages, the indifference to political distinctions, and the discrimination of the public in rewarding unobtrusive merit, are no less worthy of admiration, for Indian alcaldes are frequently elected without being aware that they have been held up for the suffrages of their fellow-citizens ; they pass the day of election on the ground, and go home without knowing any thing about it. The night before their term is to commence, the retiring functionaries go round the village and catch these unconscious favorites of the people, put them into the cabildo, and keep them together all night, that they may be at hand in the morning to receive the staves and take the oath of office.” — Vol. I. pp. 335, 336.

This catching of candidates, to be sure, is not exactly in accordance with our ideas of popular sovereignty, but it illustrates the sovereign authority of the people collectively ; an approach to democracy, though certainly not quite up to

the mark, as now established in some democratic communities.

There is a wise significance in one of the fairy tales, showing how a transformed princess — a cat by day, a princess all the night — was unable to resist temptation presented in the shape of a fat mouse, and sprung even from the nuptial couch to pursue it. There is not much resemblance, perhaps, but the story of the cat-princess was immediately suggested to us on reading this passage.

“ While Mr. Caterwood was making his drawing, the Indians stood around under the shade of the trees, looking at him quietly and respectfully, and making observations to each other. They were a fine looking race. Some of them, one tall old man particularly, had noble Roman faces, and they seemed to have more respectability of appearance and character than was consistent with the condition of men not wearing pantaloons. All at once, an enormous iguana, or lizard, doubled the corner of the building, ran along the front, and plunged into a crevice over the door, burying his whole body, but leaving the long tail out. Among these unsophisticated people this reptile is a table delicacy, and here was a supper provided for some of them. Machetes flew out, and, cutting down a sapling with a crotch in it, they rested it against the wall, and, standing in the crotch, pulled upon the tail ; but the animal held on with his feet, as if a part of the building. All the Indians, one after the other, had a pull at the tail, but could not make him budge. At length, two of them contrived to get hold together, and, while pulling with all their strength, the tail came off by the roots, a foot and a half long in their hands. The animal was now more out of their reach than before, his whole body being hidden in the wall ; but he could not escape. The Indians picked away the mortar with their machetes, and enlarged the hole until they got his hind legs clear, when, gripping the body above the legs, they again hauled ; but, though he had only the fore legs to hold on with, they could not tear him out. They then untied the ropes of their sandals, and, fastening them above the hind legs, and pulling till the long body seemed parting like the tail, they at length dragged him out. They secured him by a gripe under the fore part of the body, cracked his spine, and broke the bones of his fore legs so that he could not run ; pried his jaws open, fastened them apart with a sharp stick, so that he could not bite, and then put him away in the shade. This refined cruelty was to avoid the necessity of killing him immediately, for, if killed, in that hot climate he would soon be unfit for food ; but, mutilated and

mangled as he was, he could be kept alive till night." — Vol. II. pp. 42–44.

Mr. Stephens intimates, more than once, the opinion, that under favorable circumstances the Indians would emerge from their abject condition, and prove by their physical and intellectual elevation their direct descent from the dusky warriors who struggled so bravely against the power of the Spaniard. A fit subject for the experiment seems to have been presented in a large landed proprietor at Kewick, who makes quite as respectable a figure as most of the Yucateco Spaniards themselves.

"We had still two hours of daylight; and, anxious to have a glimpse of the ruins before night, we had some fried eggs and tortillas got ready, and, while making a hasty meal, the proprietor of the rancho, attended by a party of Indians, came to pay us a visit.

"This proprietor was a full-blooded Indian, the first of this ancient, but degraded race, whom we had seen in the position of land-owner and master. He was about forty-five years old, and highly respectable in his appearance and manners. He had inherited the land from his fathers, did not know how long it had been transmitted, but believed that it had always been in his family. The Indians on the rancho were his servants, and we had not seen in any village, or on any hacienda, men of better appearance, or under more excellent discipline. This produced on my mind a strong impression, that, indolent, ignorant, and debased as the race is under the dominion of strangers, the Indian even now is not incapable of fulfilling the obligations of a higher station than that in which his destiny has placed him. It is not true that he is fit only to labor with his hands; he has within him that which is capable of directing the labor of others; and as this Indian master sat on the terrace, with his dependents crouching round him, I could imagine him the descendant of a long line of caciques who once reigned in the city, the ruins of which were his inheritance. Involuntarily, we treated him with a respect we had never shown to an Indian before; but perhaps we were not free from the influence of feelings which govern in civilized life, and our respect may have proceeded from the discovery that our new acquaintance was a man of property, possessed not merely of acres, and Indians, and unproductive real estate, but also of that great desideratum in these trying times, ready money; for we had given Albino a dollar to purchase eggs with, who objected to it as too large a coin to be avail-

able on the rancho, but on his return informed us, with an expression of surprise, that the master had changed it the moment it was offered to him." — Vol. II. pp. 69, 70.

"Love in a cottage" was once the staple material of amatory songs and romances; but it may be questioned, whether the cottage was not supposed to be somewhat better furnished than one of which Mr. Stephens and his companions took forcible possession, and of whose furniture he gives a *catalogue raisonné*, apparently as a specimen of the *Maya* dwellings generally.

"It was late in the afternoon when we reached the savanna of Chunhuhu, and rode up to the hut at which I had tied my horse on my former visit.

"The hut was built of upright poles, had a steep, projecting roof thatched with palm-leaves, and the sides protected by the same material; as we stopped in front, we saw a woman within mashing maize for tortillas, which promised a speedy supper. She said her husband was away; but this made no difference to us, and, after a few more words, we all entered, the woman at the moment bolting for the door, and leaving us in exclusive possession. Very soon, however, a little boy, about eight years old, came down and demanded the maize, which we were loth to give up, but did not consider ourselves authorized to retain. Albino followed him, in hopes of persuading the woman to return; but as soon as she caught a glimpse of him, she ran into the woods.

"The hut of which we thus became the sudden and involuntary masters was furnished with three stones for a fireplace, a wooden horse for kneading maize upon, a comal for baking tortillas, an earthen olla, or pot, for cooking, three or four waccals, or gourds, for drinking-cups, and two small Indian hammocks, which also were demanded and given up. Besides these, there was a circular dining-table about a foot and a half in diameter, supported by three pegs about eight inches high, and some blocks of wood about the same height for seats. Overhead, suspended from the rafters, were three large bundles of corn in the husk, and two of beans in the pod; and on each string, about a foot above these eatables, was half a calabash or squash, with the rounded side up, like the shade over a lamp, which, besides being ornamental, filled the office of a rat-trap; for these vermin, in springing from the rafters to reach the corn and beans, would strike upon the calabash, and fall to the ground.

"The little boy was hovering about the rancho in charge of a naked sister some two years old, and commissioned, as he told

us himself, to watch that we did not take any thing from the hut. For a medio he undertook to show me the place where they procured water, and, mounting his little sister upon his back, he led the way up a steep and stony hill. I followed with the bridle of my horse in my hand, and, without any little girl on my back, found it difficult to keep up with him. On the top of the hill were worn and naked rocks, with deep hollows in them, some holding perhaps as much as one or two pails of water. I led my horse to one of the largest. He was always an extraordinary water-drinker, and that evening was equal to a whole temperance society. The little Indian looked on as if he had sold his birth-right, and I felt strong compunctions; but, letting the morrow take care of itself, I sent up the other horses, which consumed at a single drinking what might, perhaps, have sufficed the family a month." —Vol. II. pp. 126 – 129.

The next extract we make is full of interest, exhibiting a variety of traits in the Indian character. Here, for example, we have the proud spirit of personal independence, rising even to the excess of revolt against "lawful rule and right supremacy"; also, the firmness and decision of that lawful rule in establishing its authority; also, the beauty of maternal tenderness; and finally, a grotesque, but not ridiculous picture of conjugal felicity.

"Here a scene had just taken place, of which nothing but the noise of the bell prevented my having some previous knowledge. The cacique had sent for an Indian to carry our load, but the latter refused to obey, and was insolent to the cacique, who, in a rage, ordered him to be put into the stocks. When I entered, the recusant, sullen and silent, was waiting the execution of his sentence, and in a few minutes he was lying on his back on the ground, with both legs secured in the stocks above his knees. The cacique sent for another, and in the mean time an old woman came in with a roll of tortillas, and a piteous expression of face. She was the mother of the prisoner, and took her seat on the stocks to remain with him and comfort him; and, as the man rolled his head on the ground, and the woman looked wonderingly at us, we reproached ourselves as the cause of his disaster, and endeavoured to procure his release; but the cacique would not listen to us. He said that the man was punished, not for refusing to go with us, although bound to do so on account of indebtedness to the village, but for insolence to himself. He was evidently one who would not allow his authority to be trifled with; and seeing that, without helping the Indian, we might

lose the benefit of the cacique's good dispositions in our favor, we were fain to desist. At length, though evidently with some difficulty, he procured another Indian. As we mounted, we made a final effort in behalf of the poor fellow in the stocks ; and, though apparently unable to comprehend why we should take any interest in the matter, the cacique promised to release him.

“ This over, we found that we had thrown another family into confusion. The wife and a little daughter of our carrier accompanied him to the top of a hill beyond the village, where they bade him farewell, as if he was setting out on a long and dangerous journey. The attachment of the Indian to his home is a striking feature of his character. The affection which grows up between the sexes was supposed by the early writers upon the character of the Indians not to exist among them, and probably the sentiment and refinement of it do not ; but circumstances and habit bind together the Indian man and woman as strongly as any known ties. When the Indian grows up to manhood, he requires a woman to make him tortillas, and to provide him warm water for his bath at night. He procures one, sometimes by the providence of the master, without much regard to similarity of tastes or parity of age ; and though a young man is mated to an old woman, they live comfortably together. If he finds her guilty of any great offence, he brings her up before the master or the alcalde, gets her a whipping, and then takes her under his arm and goes quietly home with her. The Indian husband is rarely harsh to his wife, and the devotion of the wife to her husband is always a subject of remark. They share their pleasures as well as their labors ; go up together with all their children to some village *fiesta* ; and one of the most afflicting incidents in their lot is a necessity that takes the husband from his home.” — Vol. II. pp. 240 – 243.

Revolutions, it is said, never go backward ; but the revolutions in Spanish America have a marvellous faculty of not going at all, after reaching a certain point. As a general rule, they correspond excellently well with the description of the poet, “ never ending, still beginning.” A little one at a place called Tekax, which Mr. Stephens visited in the course of his wanderings, may be taken as a fair sample of many that have broken out and then stopped, within our remembrance.

“ According to the current reports, this revolution was got up by three patriotic individuals, whose names, unfortunately, I have

lost. They belonged to the party called Los Independientes, in favor of declaring independence of Mexico. The elections had gone against their party, and alcaldes in favor of a reannexation to Mexico were installed in office. In the mean time, commissioners arrived from Santa Ana to negotiate with the government of Yucatan, urging it not to make any open declaration, but to continue quietly in its state of independence *de facto*, until the internal difficulties of Mexico were settled, when its complaints would be attended to and its grievances redressed. Afraid of the influence which these commissioners might exercise, the three patriots of Tekax resolved to strike for liberty, went round among the ranchos of the sierra, and collected a band of more than half-naked Indians, who, armed with machetes, a few old muskets, and those primitive weapons with which David slew Goliath, descended upon Tekax, and, to the great alarm of the women and children, took possession of the plaza, set up the figure of Santa Ana, pelted him with stones, put some bullets into him, burned him to ashes, and shouted 'Viva la independencia !' But few of them had ever heard of Santa Ana, but this was no reason why they should not pelt him with stones and burn him in effigy. They knew nothing of the relations between Yucatan and Mexico, and by the cry of independencia they meant a release from tribute to the government and debts to masters. With but little practice in revolutions, they made a fair start by turning out the alcaldes and levying contributions upon political opponents, and threw out the formidable threat that they would march three hundred men against the capital, and compel a declaration of independence. Intelligence of these movements soon reached Merida, and fearful menaces of war were bandied from one city to the other. Each waited for the other to make the first demonstration ; but at length the capital sent forth its army, which reached Ticul the day after I left, at the conclusion of my first visit, and while Dr. Cabot was still there. It was then within one day's march of the seat of rebellion, but halted to rest, and to let the moral effect of its approach go on before. The reader has, perhaps, never before heard of Tekax ; nevertheless, a year has not elapsed since the patriotic, half-naked band in arms for independence thought that the eyes of the whole world were upon them. In three days the regular army resumed its march, with cannon in front, colors flying, drums beating, and the women of Ticul laughing, sure that there would be no bloodshed. The same day it reached Tekax ; and the next morning, instead of falling upon each other like so many wild beasts, the officers and the three patriot leaders were seen walking arm in arm together in the plaza. The former

promised good offices to their new friends, two reales apiece to the Indians, and the revolution was crushed. All dispersed, ready to take up arms again upon the same terms whenever their country's good should so require." — Vol. II. pp. 245–247.

A considerable portion of the journey whose rich results are given to the public in these volumes was performed in a *canoa*, — a flat-bottomed sail-boat, thirty-five feet long and six feet wide, — navigated by a patron and two or three fresh-water sailors, all Indians. The whole account of the voyage achieved in this little craft is delightful. It was a coasting expedition from the port, or rather fishing station, of Yalahao, near the north-eastern extremity of the peninsula, to the desolate island of Cozumel on its eastern side, thence southward to the site of an ancient city called Tuloom, and thence back along the eastern and northern coasts to the fishing port of Silan, within some fifty miles of Sisal. This whole expedition was full of odd adventures, and is described with a simple vivacity which reminds one irresistibly of Robinson Crusoe. It was exceedingly rich, moreover, in antiquarian discoveries; but of these we take no notice, pursuing the system with which we set out at the beginning of this article; and, indeed, the "incidents" of the voyage present attractive passages for quotation much more numerous than our limits can accommodate. We must content ourselves with extracting a few pictures, as vivid and picturesque as ever were produced on canvass. Here is a sketch of an abandoned estate on the desolate island of Cozumel. What a place for a hermit, or a pair of newly pledged lovers, or a Daniel Boon!

"Above the line of the shore was a fine table of land, on which were several huts, built of poles, and thatched with palm-leaves. One was large and commodious, divided into apartments, and contained rude benches and tables, as if prepared for our immediate occupation. Back of the house was an enclosure for a garden, overgrown, but with any quantity of tomatoes, ripe, wasting, and begging to be put into a turtle soup then in preparation on board the *canoa*.

"This *rancho* was established by the pirate Molas, who, escaping from death in Merida, made his way hither. He succeeded in getting to him his wife and children and a few Indians, and for several years nothing was heard of him. In the mean time he laid the keel of a sloop, finished it with his own hands, carri-

ed it to Belize, and sold it ; new subjects of excitement grew up, and, being in a measure forgotten, he again ventured to the mainland, and left the island to its solitude.

“ Our act of taking possession was unusually exciting. It was an immense relief to escape from the confinement of the *canoa*. The situation commanded a view of the sea, and, barely distinguishable, in the distance was the coast of Yucatan. On the bank were large forest-trees, which had been spared in the clearing, and orange and cocoa-nut trees planted by Molas. The place had a sort of piratical aspect. In the hut were doors and green blinds from the cabin of some unlucky vessel, and reeving-blocks, tar-buckets, halliards, drinking-gourds, fragments of rope, fishing-nets, and two old hatches were scattered on the ground. Above all, the first object we discovered, which would have given a charm to a barren sand-bank, was a well of pure and abundant water, which we fell upon at the moment of landing, and were almost like the Spanish soldier in the expedition of Cordova, who drank till he swelled and died.

“ This well was shaded by a large cocoa-nut tree. We hauled up under it one of the hatches, and, sitting around it on blocks, had served up the turtle which had been accomplishing its destiny on board the *canoa*. With our guns resting against the trees, long beards, and *canoa* costume, we were, perhaps, as piratical-seeming a trio as ever scuttled a ship at sea. In the afternoon we walked over the clearing, which was covered with a fine plantation of cotton, worth, as the patron said, several hundred dollars, with the pods open and blowing away, indicating that the *rancho* had been abandoned in haste, without regard to the preservation of property. Toward evening we strolled for a great distance along the shore, picking up shells, and at night we had a luxurious swing in our hammocks. — Vol. II. pp. 362 – 364.

With one more extract, we close the second of these fascinating volumes, over which we linger even at the third reading, finding on almost every page some incident or scene on which to dwell with continued pleasure. Our last quotation is an account of a shooting expedition from the little port of Silan.

“ In the gray of the morning we heard a loud quacking of ducks, which almost lifted us out of our hammocks, and carried us out of doors. Beyond the point of the little dock was a long sand-bank, covered with immense flocks of these birds.

Our host could not go with us till he had examined his fishing nets, and Dimas had to take the horses to water, but we pushed off with our Indian to set the canoe. . . . Below us the shore formed a large bay, with the Punta de Arenas, or Point of Sand, projecting towards us, bordered down to the water's edge with trees; and all over the bay were sand-banks, barely appearing above water, and covered with wild fowl of every description known, in numbers almost exceeding the powers of conception. . . . It would have been slaughter to shoot among them. In an hour we could have loaded our canoe with birds, of which one or two brace would be considered a fair morning's work. But we did not know what to do with them, and, besides, these were not what we were looking for. . . . Near the mouth of the creek, a flock of roseate spoonbills flew over our heads, also out of reach; but we saw where they alighted, and setting towards them till we were stopped by a mud-bank, we took to the water, or rather to the mud, in which we found our lower members moving suddenly downward to parts unknown, and in some danger of descending till our *sombreros* only remained as monuments of our muddy grave. Extricating ourselves, moving in another direction, and again sinking and drawing back, for two hours we toiled, struggled, floundered, and fired, a laughing stock to the beautiful spoonbills in the free element above. At length Dr. Cabot brought one down, and we parted. In following our separate fortunes along the shore I shot one, which fell at the other side of a stream. As I rushed in, the water rose above all my mud stains, and I fell back, and hastily disencumbered myself of clothing. A high wind was sweeping over the bay; having no stone at hand with which to secure them, my hat and light garments were blown into the water, and at the same moment the roseate bird stood up, opened its large wings, and fluttered along the beach. Distracted between the bird and the fugitive clothing, I let the latter go, and gave chase to the bird, after securing which, and holding it kicking under my arm, I pursued my habiliments, now some distance apart, into the water, and at length got back to dry land with my miscellaneous load, and stood on the beach a picture of an antiquary in distress; doubtless illustrating the proverb to the Indian, who now came to my relief,—if he had ever met with it in the course of his reading,—that no man can be a hero to his *valet de chambre*." — Vol. II. pp. 422–425.

In conclusion, we submit to our readers the question, whether we have not accomplished the object which we first had in view; to wit, a triumphant vindication of Mr. Ste-

phens from the carping of that unreasonable criticism which would "fault him," — in the expressive phrase of the Irish, — for not sitting down to philosophize, when, as we contend, he ought to be doing just what he did, taking heedful note of all things curious, novel, or wonderful, that came in his way. His business was to collect materials for others to philosophize upon, if they chose; and have we not shown how successful he was in the gathering? Here, in our limited range of extracts, and that, too, without even alluding to the ruins, we have presented him discoursing of the most interesting philosophical topics; manners, morals, cookery, political economy, gambling, lovely women, surgery, slavery, currency, fortitude under suffering, universal suffrage, democracy, the credit system, the administration of justice, revolutions, and natural history; and if there had been room, we could have gone on extending the catalogue indefinitely. *Macte virtute*; if Mr. Stephens will take our advice, he will go on making just such books as he has made hitherto, and beware how he burns his fingers with "inductive philosophy."

ART. IV. — *The Northern Lakes a Summer Residence for the Invalids of the South.* By DANIEL DRAKE, M. D., Professor in the Medical Institute of Louisville. Louisville, Ky. T. Maxwell, Jun. 1842. 8vo. pp. 29.

THIS is a work of few pages, but it opens a subject of very broad bearings. Dr. Drake's character as a literary and scientific man is known throughout the country. His reputation has grown with "the West," and he has been a most attentive and intelligent observer of its moral and physical developments. To him the public is indebted for many valuable collections of facts relative to the Indian history, habits, &c., arresting them as they were fleeting by, likely to be lost for ever. He has also been an industrious chronicler of those events which prepared the way for that magnificent progress of population and improvement, that has marked the last fifty years of the *trans-Alleghanic* region.

These have been the mere diversions of his active mind,